Volume LX CHICAGO, JANUARY 16, 1908 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

HYMN

(Thanksgiving for Saints and Prophets.)

To Thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who, from of old to our own days
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

We thank Thee for each mighty one
Through whom Thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

We thank Thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of Thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

We tnank Thee for the word of might
The Spirit spake in darkest night;
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure!
That like Thy saints we may endure;
Forever through Thy servants, Lord,
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

From The Fire Divine. *Richard Watson Gilder.*

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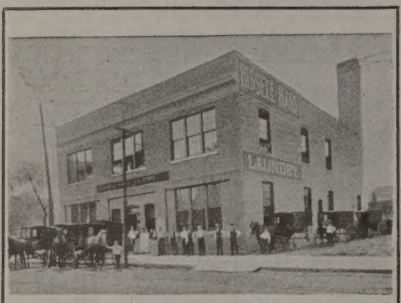

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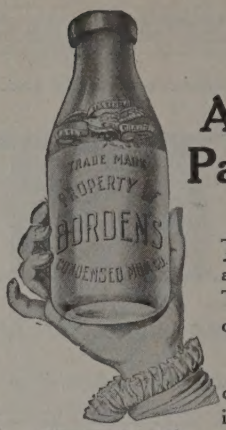

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VOLUME LX THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1908 NUMBER 20

In the visible present lives the invisible future, and the hour that is brings the hour that shall be. If the Light grows, it shall not cease to grow; and the good that is brings the good that is to come. As with separate souls, so with peoples—the New Year, though it holds inheritance of shame and loss, holds, also, inheritance of striving, and accomplishment, and divine aspiration. Lo, the Light is climbing, not only of a New Year, but of a New Era for the awakening of the world.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

"Politics makes strange bed-fellows" is an old adage which is being painfully illustrated in these days in the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois. Last week a member of congress and an ex-judge of the circuit court traveled all the way to Washington and back in company with a hiding convict, one whom the courts had sentenced to state's prison for misappropriation of public funds, for high-handed graft in public office. And a Springfield dispatch says that friends of the primary bill, which is to be considered this week, fear that the mayor of Chicago with a wrecking crew will appear upon the scene and use his political dexterity again in defeating the measure, as he did in the earlier days of the session. It is well that law should do all that law can to secure justice to the accused, but the notorious crime of John Cooke and his as notorious intimacy with politicians and activity in politics make it at least unseemly for government officials, national legislators, to lend themselves to the questionable business of trying to interfere with the action of courts and to shield the convicted criminal on the score of political friendliness, party debts and past or prospective services to the machine.

The present struggle against the state's attorney's effort to enforce the Sunday law in Chicago means something very much more than a temperance agitation or the Sunday saloon question. It means an unblushing, persistent defiance of a law, the constitutionality of which is not doubted, the force of which and the applicability of it have been emphatically enforced by all the courts called to pass upon it on the part of four successive juries who in direct instruction of the court have refused to convict parties who have confessed their guilt. And this stolid defiance of the statute is not only winked at but justified by the entire city administration, the mayor openly declaring his purpose not to enforce, justifying his attitude on the score of previous violators, the "they all do it," and "you're another!" We hope the issue now up will force a settlement of the previous question. The present law may or may not be a vicious one, but certainly the open-handed defiance of law on the part of a great metropolis like Chicago, the stolid anarchism of a mayor of a city of over two million people, and the submissive feeling of the entire constabulary of the city, is serious business which the legislature, the governor and the police force of the state of Illinois should take prompt note of.

The death of Dr. Bernard Felsenthal, which occurred last Sunday night, removes from Chicago life one of the most venerable and venerated personalities. He began his career in Chicago in 1858. During this half-century of active life in this tumultuous city he has not only been a leader of the Jews in Chicago but of the Jews of America, and to a degree of the world. The papers call him the "Father of Reform Judaism." He was the founder of both Sinai and Zion Congregations, the one the leading synagogue on the South Side, the other on the West Side. He was eminent as a Hebrew scholar, tireless as a Hebrew writer, but he was much more than a Jewish rabbi in Chicago, a man honored and beloved as a leader in the direction of civic righteousness, public education and the social amenities; a man of pronounced opinions, ever ready to stand up to be counted, and still a man incapable of making enemies. His gentleness made him penetrating as the sunshine and as quiet and administrative. Although for the last ten years he has been Rabbi Emeritus of Zion Congregation, his ministry continued to the end, active in many ways. He belonged in the list of Chicago's major prophets, an honored member of the Old Guard. His ministry ran parallel with and antedated that of Robert Collyer, Dr. Rider, Dr. Thomas and David Swing. With them he stood shoulder to shoulder in the interest of a more tolerant gospel, a freedom that did not mean a nerveless sentiment or an indifferent complacency. They were all men of conviction and their convictions compelled them to stand for broader things and to declare unwelcome truths. Surely his eighty-eight years of benign living have won for him the "peace that passeth understanding."

Some years ago UNITY delighted in calling attention to a humble volume entitled "Mother's Poems," compiled by the daughter of a pioneer woman of Illinois who sang at her work. Away out on the prairie in the old lonesome days of the log cabin and the

settlement Mrs. Sara Lett Coteau sang at her knitting and butter-making, caught the lilt of the milking and rendered the terrors of war into music. Last week there died in the Chicago Hospital the daughter, Miss Ida Coteau, a gentle nurse whose waning strength was conserved and reinforced by the one purpose of bringing out a more worthy edition of "Mother's Poems." A few weeks before her going hence she left at the UNITY sanctum this more comely edition and said, "Now I am ready to go." Not many will read these simple poems; perhaps they do not deserve to live; but Mrs. Coteau's successors in Illinois, the daughters of a more prosperous time, the children of affluence and ease, might well ponder over these simple rhymes and realize the vacancy in their own hearts, the listless quality of their own spirits. Let other daughters emulate the grateful love of this loyal nurse and let all learn how full of joy and inspiration is any life that rests in the ideal, that rejoices in the "March of Freedom." Thus it sang in the heart of the farmer's wife on the prairies of Illinois long ago:

Tell it in haughty London;
  Tell it in ancient Rome;
Away in a land of plenty
  Freedom has found a home.

O say to the toiling millions,
  The sons of every clime,
"You'll see the star of Freedom
  In God's appointed time;

For she is marching onward,
  And none shall make her stay,
Till crowns become as playthings
  A child might fling away.

Till arrogance and envy,
  Alike shall be abhorr'd;
Till honest, noble labor
  Shall reap its own reward;

Till children learn self-government
  Upon the mother's knee,
And—perfectly developing—
  Find they are *truly free.*"

"Prize fights," "pugilistic contests," "boxing mills" and the excitements of the "ring" are generally associated in the public mind with the back alleys, the slum territories, places where thugs and drunks and all-round sports gather, but this kind of "entertainment" seems to be changing its habitat. The spirit of "athleticism," fostered by our universities, encouraged by the wealthy, seems in many cases logically ripened into the fine art of fighting. The police force of Chicago have more than once been compelled to keep their eye on the "fun" projected by the swell athletic clubs of Chicago, and last Sunday night the police successfully raided a select affair in one of the most favored of the elegant districts of Chicago, the boasted prohibition district of Hyde Park, after midnight, in the boat-house of a fashionable yacht club, with the doors locked and windows carefully guarded. Two boys, sixteen and twenty-three years of age, were there to test their fistic power. Out of the twenty-two parties bagged by the police and reported in the next morning's paper fourteen of them were under twenty-three years of age, one of them a ten-year-old boy. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and twenty were among the ages reported. So juvenile was the company, so scared were the children, that when the policeman's rap was heard at the door the lights were put out and in the scramble that followed three of the lads jumped through the glass windows into the lake. Fortunately the water, though ice-cold, was not deep, and the babes waded ashore and the policemen tenderly wrapped them in the blankets of the patrol wagon. We do not propose to preach the sermon this text suggests, but we do ask our readers to prolong the discussion in their own minds. These were doubtless, most of them, nice boys, coming perchance from nice homes, certainly living in a favored section. The police doubtless let them off easy. "Disorderly conduct," the most innocent of charges, was offered against all of them but one, who was written down as a "keeper of a gambling house," and he was one of the boys only twenty-two. What of those parents? What of their Sunday habits? What of their sporting enthusiasms? This is a neighborhood of social clubs, of card parties, golfers and of scientific solicitation for physical development and social privileges. Think of it!

An old reader of UNITY writes, "Is it not possible to concentrate our forces and so work to better advantage?" This has been the cry and the quest of UNITY through all these years. Surely, surely concentration, coöperation, is the thing to seek in the realms of morals and religion. In this direction how much wiser are the children of this world in their generation than the children of light. Another friend of UNITY is grieved over what he calls "our hobby about breaking up the denominations." He admits the weakness, even the hopelessness, of the situation, but argues that "independency is much weaker and more hopeless; fellowship and some kind of organization, a working together, even some kind of authority to which the churches will submit, is necessary to growth. I have always regretted your attitude towards denominationalism, for it has seemed to me not only a theoretical mistake, but it weakens the very freedom and fellowship you believe in." We have no new justification of our position to offer. Our correspondent admits our contention. If UNITY understands itself it has always stood vigorously for coöperation and organization in religion, which alone will enable it to keep pace with the organic tendencies of civilization. We have not had any quarrel with denominationalism, even when the denominations have run parallel with the real distinctions and have represented genuine group centers, but by the growth of Christianity, the development of thought, the fact confessed on all sides is that it is an attempt to perpetuate group life where there is no common denominator. The *Literary Digest* of January 11 in an editorial entitled "After Protest-

antism, What?" states the whole question in the large. This article quotes at length from Dr. Newman Smyth's sermon published in a recent number of the *New York Evening Post,* in which he argues that "Protestantism is not the final period in Christianity," that "for a hundred years we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them." He foresees "the passing of the Protestant age" and the coming of that "new Catholicism" that has been the hope and the inspiration of UNITY all these years. Every new clasping of hands across the imaginary line of the sects, every inevitable outbreak in the shape of an independent movement, indicates the groping towards that new organization that will take on all the characteristics of strength our correspondents crave for, and more. It is not UNITY's province, or that of any journal, man or body of men, to break up religious organizations that are already broken or breaking by the very processes of life, the reorganization and rearrangement of particles. This work has got to go on, and the believers in it soon or late will have to accept the situation; nay, more,—hasten it. Too many are willing to see signs of disintegration in all the denominations but their own, and that they are willing to bargain for later along, but not just yet. Yes, let us get together; but we can get together only on some things worth while.

The great preparation being made for the international anti-tuberculosis congress to be held in Washington next September is one of the reassuring signs of the times. This is the substitute for war, the getting down to work together, marshaling forces against common enemies. The congress will be in session the better part of a month; it will bring together the highest experts in the world. Meanwhile the bacteriologists in all the colleges are working with renewed zeal; economists are preparing their statistics, the doctors reëxamining their formulas, and the philanthropists busy in nurturing public sentiment. We hope the international phase of it will advance rather than obscure the need of interstate action in the matter. It is well that the medical profession should emphasize, as it does just now, that climatic conditions are secondary; that it is not necessary to go away from home in order to get pure air and pure food and plenty of it or to resort to the outdoor regimen. But still it is not wise to ignore the fact that climate does count and that, other things being equal, there is more hope for the smitten in Arizona than in Massachusetts or Wisconsin. This fact has made of the arid states a great unorganized, ill-administered sanitarium, causing unnecessary distress to the individual and leaving unsolvable perplexities on the hands of these young states. This fact should be recognized by interstate diplomacy and national legislation. A citizen of Illinois should not lose his citizenship and Illinois should not be released of its responsibility to him when he flees to the mountains or to the deserts for his life. When the older commonwealths gratefully share with these newer states the problems of the invalids, better work will be done. Why should there not be a great national experimental station where, with abundant funds and under the most favorable circumstances, the fight with the great white plague could be fought to the finish? A great national ranch of thousands of acres, within reach of some of the great irrigating schemes of the government, could be set aside, equipped with all the diversified industries possible to irrigating agriculture, with splendid halls for dancing, ample libraries, lecture privileges, with all the laboratory appliances, hospital conveniences, not only for the treatment of the sick but also for the investigation of the disease,—all of which would be rimmed with such shop industries, training schools and study equipments as would make life as varied, profitable and promising as possible for the unfortunate but innocent victims of tuberculosis. Let no one say this scheme is too big or too expensive to be carried out. The cost of two or three Dreadnaughts would go far towards equipping such a ranch, and the martial spirit and the executive energy and sagacity that were developed in the past on the fields of Mars are waiting to be developed in this holier campaign that seeks to save and not destroy life. Here is a national job that may make the army once more attractive and army life worth fostering and encouraging. The great forthcoming congress in Washington has a noble opportunity.

Prophetic Beneficence

Nothing is more depressing to public spirit or a greater handicap to progress than unilluminated wealth, held by visionless capitalists, men who by right as well as by wrong means amass great fortunes but are wanting in the wisdom, even if they have the will, to wisely invest the same either for the good of their own children or for the good of the community.

While, on the other hand, nothing is more serviceable to the state, more charged with reform and progress, than illuminated wealth, dollars wisely administered by capitalists who are at the same time prophets, men who have studied their bank-books to the ultimate analysis and have discovered the obligations back of them and the opportunities before them.

We have often spoken in these columns of the "repair-shop work" which now so largely engages the attention and seems to satisfy the consciences of many of the more favored citizens of the United States.

The sagacious "man of business," the successful "captain of industry," flatters himself that he is a "practical man," that he "wastes not his money on theories and dreams and schemes," but puts it "where he is sure it will do good and get to work," when he subscribes to hospitals or draws his check to "relief and aid" societies and "charity organizations" or helps support "homes for crippled children," or eases the finances of "old people's homes," or increases

"fresh air funds." Because he does this he excuses himself from contributing to the forces that are creative, that turn out, to use the manufacturer's phrase, "new work," that add to the efficiency of the community and the progress of the state. Such contributions must have in mind the healthy and not the diseased, the sound and not the crippled, the young and not the aged, minds more than bodies, and, most of all, the unborn and not those whose fate has been largely sealed at birth.

We have tried often enough, perhaps too often, to state in the abstract the wide distinction between ameliorative and preventive charity, between soup-house benefactions and social sanitation and inspiration, between the man who gives his money and withholds his brain and the man who gives his brain with or through his money.

Such a prophetic gift was that of William Kent's, announced from Washington last week, that of deeding to the United States government a noble forest tract of 295 acres, whereon great numbers of the giant redwood, the most stately of American trees, have been allowed to grow throughout the centuries unmolested by the vandal hands of the speculator and the promoter. This tract of redwood, situated within a few miles of San Francisco, although safely covered by adequate deeds, Mr. Kent had difficulty in rescuing from the sordid grasp of the "practical" man.

For lo! the sagacious "business man" of San Francisco conceived the idea that that was the very spot upon which to erect a great reservoir in connection with city water-works or something of that kind, and the city was about to condemn the same, we believe, under the right of eminent domain, for city uses, which process would have doubtless materially fattened Mr. Kent's pocket-book.

We are not acquainted with the details of this struggle to save the great forest; they are unessential. Enough that here is a man who had money enough to secure title to these great products of nature and sense enough to know their value not only to physical but to social science, and who had civic judgment and patriotic piety sufficient to transfer the title to the largest, most permanent, most catholic legal entity capable of holding titles in sight, viz., the national government. With characteristic modesty he gave it the name of the man who above all others is best acquainted with these ancient giants, the man who has done more than any other one in teaching the intelligent everywhere to love and to admire them. It is not to be "Kent Park," or "Sausaulito Forest," or some other sonorous foreign name, but simply the plain "Muir Woods," and that "neck of woods" will become increasingly a source of joy and strength, spiritual and physical, not only to the unborn generations of San Francisco and California, but pilgrims from all over the world on their passage around the world will take themselves to these woods, for it is just over the hill from the Golden Gate, where Europe, Asia, Africa and America will increasingly meet.

Scientists tell us that some of these trees are older than all English history; they antedate King Alfred, and the prospects are that half their life is not yet lived. Some of them will be there 1,500 years hence if the United States survives to hold sacred the trust.

We are not here commending the "generosity" of William Kent in this transfer, though the money value is large. In these days other men have given larger sums in money, and perhaps from an impulse as disinterested. But we commend his good sense, his far-seeing judgment, the prophetic foresight which belongs not to his money but to his culture. Such an act comes only from a man who has been in communion with perennial things, who is familiar with nature, who has entered to a degree "into the secrets of the Almighty."

We commend this common sense which is so uncommon, this sagacity which is so rare among capitalists, this discrimination, the absence of which in men of wealth is so ruinous to the young, so calamitous to the higher interests of the community, so void of patriotism.

We wish we could have made this editorial as impersonal as the "Muir Woods." Readers of UNITY will understand the delicacy of the situation. The Senior Editor is glad for the time being that his colleague and yoke-fellow bides away among his loved mountains of California so that we may escape the condemnation for what he may deem an unseemly publicity of family affection. But Chicago will forgive me for any trespassing upon the proprieties when I speak an appreciative word for "Billy" Kent, whom everybody loves and whose absence even for a short time works badly for Chicago. There are but few of her loyal citizens who can be so poorly spared as Mr. Kent.

We know well that Mr. Kent will urge that in giving the "Muir Woods" to posterity, and in giving himself to the civic betterment of Chicago in such ungrudging measure as he has for many years, he has done nothing more than what he ought to do and oftentimes not as much as he might do. If so, all the more by comparison his deeds grow conspicuous. Not in the fact that he has done so much but in the sad fact that others have done so little in the line of constructive beneficence, prophetic helpfulness, are these words of commendation justified.

Books Received

Sunday School Times Company: "The Ancestry of Our English Bible," by Ira Morris Price, Ph. D. 12mo, cloth, 330 pages. $1.50 net.

A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York: "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," by Principal P. T. Forsyth, M. A., D. D. (Yale Lectures, 1907). 8vo, cloth, 374 pages. $1.75 net.

University of Chicago Press: "The English Reformation and Puritanism," by Eri D. Hulbert, D. D., LL.D. 484 pages. Price, $2.50 net; $2.71 postpaid.

THE PULPIT

The Relation of "Settlements" and Religion; or, The Place or Religion As It May Be Experienced in Settlements

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTER, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 8, 8 P. M., MISS JANE ADDAMS PRESIDING, CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MARY M. LEPPO.

(Continued.)

Miss Addams: Everybody who lives in settlements has been very much interested in immigrants. It is only within the last year, and especially within a few months that numbers of young women have been coming banded together in search of work. Up to this time the immigrants have come as families or as bodies of young men, but latterly there have been gangs or groups of young women coming to America, many of them coming to Chicago. Mrs. Robbins perhaps more than any other one person in Chicago knows of this movement, and we very much regret her absence this evening.

The next speaker I am sure needs no introduction to a Chicago audience. Miss McDowell has lived for many years in the settlement situated back of the Yards, founded by the University of Chicago, and I am happy to announce her as the next speaker.

Miss McDowell: I wish Miss Addams could have introduced me more clearly to my subject. I think we are a little confused on it, and it is not wholly our fault; it is the fault of the times in which we live.

I do not think it is quite clear to us in the settlement; I do not think it is quite clear in the church. I find the churches very much confused today on What is religion? I find a great hunger, a great longing, to express religion in a very different way from the way in which we expressed it years ago.

The first religious blessings I ever got were from the rough hands of ship carpenters, as a little girl of eleven in an old-fashioned Methodist church. That early education has been a wonderful blessing to me all my life, but I could not be quite happy in that place now; indeed, that church is not the same church any more; it is just as changed as I am. When I went to England I followed the desire long felt, to visit a cathedral; I thought I would have a religious emotion never to be felt anywhere else. I had spent one day and night in that part of London just across London bridge; I had seen such poverty as I think America does not know; such awful sights that I was heartsick. At the noon hour we went to London bridge, and then into the old cathedral, sat down for a service; no one was there except a few tourists; the service was just as beautiful for us; I tried to worship, tried to be lifted up, but I did not have there the religious emotion I thought I should have; I was thinking all the time of what I had seen outside; I found myself full of questioning. Is this meeting only the devotional need? That is only one-half. Is it meeting the need of the neighborhood outside? It did not seem to reach it at all; it was expressing a mediæval religion of the time long past and dead.

I went out with such a strange feeling of disappointment. There was a time when the cathedral did express the religious feeling, but it does not any longer, I think; perhaps it may with a small group of people. I do not think the settlement expresses it completely, either; the settlement is just a little experiment on the edge; it is because we are free and not tied up to any method or to any denomination, because we are free and flexible and may change our method every year, and there is a little more chance, perhaps, for us to be freer in our religious expression. I do not think any of us living in settlements are at all satisfied with the expression, and the people who look on are not satisfied, for we hear all kinds of criticism, which ought to help us very much. It does. One man thinks we have religion; because he recognizes that it is a safe place to go and talk things over he finds sympathy. This is his conception of religion. Another person calls it the place where the ladies of God live. A Polish man said it was perfectly wonderful to him that a Methodist, a Baptist, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian and a person who professed no religion at all could live together and be happy. Sometimes I think that is our business—to prove that there is something so much deeper in religion than these denominational names, and that we find that common meeting place in serving humanity; that is why we can live under one roof and be happy.

One day I stood on a corner waiting for a car. A Sister of Charity stood beside me; next her was a Salvation lassie. As I stood with these Sisters I felt such a longing to speak to both of them, just to say to them that I knew we had a common purpose; it did not make any difference how we were dressed. I did not say it. I wish I had, and if ever I get the chance again I will follow my impulse.

Every Sunday each person in my house goes where his heart calls him, but we do find a common ground in serving humanity.

When I first went to live at the settlement I was so anxious to be understood I hoped that I might be suspected of being religious. Do you know what it is to go into a new community where they do not care anything about your past or about your family? What are you? What are you up to? Are you out to catch people in some kind of an organization? These are the question started when you arrive to do settlement work.

When we had our first picture exhibit this feeling was so strong that there was some hidden motive, some secret propaganda, that the people asked what there was back of it before going in to see the pictures. "Any tracts in there?" one man said. It was simply impossible for them to understand that one wanted to share the things one loved with them; to understand that we simply wanted to be friends, and not to ask people to join something or to build up another institution; just to come and be human, lovingly, religiously human. Is it not the hardest thing today for any of us to understand it does not make any difference where we live?

I am not at all certain that that is not what Lincoln Centre and all of us are set to teach—that we are human; that we are all very much alike, and that we are brothers and sisters.

The other day an immigrant girl with her lovely baby, whose father had run away and left the mother to support herself and her child, came to see me. In her halting English she told me that she had been kept awake all night and was late to work and had lost her job. She said, "Me no mudder,—no fader,—no man,—no money,—only baby." Naturally I was touched by her pathetic story. What would religion say to her? She belonged to the Catholic church. She did not need that I should pray with her nor read the Bible to her. She wanted some sisterliness; she wanted to be caught into a big family,

and I am not sure but that is what we all crave; what the city needs.

It is so hard, for we have been so far apart. There have been such great barriers put up, such imaginary things, abstract things, that have kept us at a distance. It is difficult for us to be simply human, to know each other as brothers and sisters. It is what Chicago needs—the great, big family feeling. That is religion in all its essence. God our Father, human beings our brothers.

There was a playground opened in the Polish neighborhood. We made some speeches, although the people could not understand English, but that did not make any difference. We then asked the Polish people to sing the Polish national hymn. We do not sing our national hymn with any such feeling. All the English-speaking people present experienced a new feeling, for here was something they did not know was in these strange people. We then tried to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" religiously, but our hymn was not the outgrowth of a tragic history. Then we went out into the playground and I found a Polish woman who looked Americanized.

We live so far apart in our imagination. We are far apart in our traditions, our language, all of these things, but there must be some way to get closer together. In Chicago we must find the way. We talk about getting a better Chicago. We cannot get it in spots; we cannot clean it up in one spot and leave another place dirty; we cannot have disease in one place and health in another; you cannot have your garbage dumped back of the Stockyards and not feel it on the lake shore eventually. It drags us all down when such things happen. There must come to us who believe in democracy that belief in the possibilities that lie in everyone of us; that belief to be democratic is to be religious, if we are democratic in the true sense.

I think talking has cleared up a little of my own ideas of settlement religion, and I hope it has not confused yours.

Miss Addams: I should like to say just one thing before you leave upon this subject which is so confusing and at the same time so important to most of us. I imagine one reason for the difficulty and the confusion is that just now we are trying, in our religion just as we are in our patriotism, to reduce it to action and to separate the essential thing from its older forms and rituals. It is always difficult to make an adaptation, to transfer a ritualistic expression to a concrete and everyday expression.

Quite as every American city is trying to bring patriotism to bear on very humble civic affairs, on things that are really important but seem so detached from the flag and the other symbols with which we have always associated patriotism, so something of the same kind is going on in the religious life of the people. We see it plainly among the immigrants who find it difficult to celebrate holy days away from European streets and their fine old cathedrals. Those of us who live in the immigrant quarters are fumbling about for a new type of expression. In this effort we have seemed perhaps to get away from the type of expression which our companions use, and we are felt to be not quite religious. Perhaps we have not been careful enough to hold on to the old expressions, but I am sure many people will believe that we are trying to find a new one, that we are trying to help the people about us, to help our own selves, to find a form of expression which will contain the essence of religion, but which shall be more adapted to our crowded city life, shall weave together its racial elements.

I am sure that in this effort in Chicago no one has borne a more thoroughgoing share, no one has stood up to his obligations more courageously, than the man whose twenty-fifth anniversary we are celebrating here tonight. And all of us realize that the people who meet in Lincoln Centre are people bound to the same quest, the same task, the same difficult and baffling understanding. Possibly it shall not come to any of us to find a satisfactory form. It is not easy to modify a religious form. The channels through which a new life may flow are not dug easily and they sink helplessly into the bog wherein there lies no meaning.

But I can only beg you to be patient with us and to give us the good fellowship which the people of this place have always given to settlements, and perhaps we shall come out with something more satisfactory than any of us have been able to express this evening.

Mr. Jones: I know this is a "woman's meeting," and they have had their say, but there has been so much said about the flag, and well said, that I have at this time either an apology or a justification to make.

A neighbor who refused to give his name called me up by phone this morning and rather indignantly accused us of an "indignity to Old Glory." Now I have thought that if there is anything I am respectful to it is "Old Glory," and I was anxious to know the source of our "indignity." I found it was because instead of lowering it at sundown we kept it flying all night. At first I thought he was joking and tried to parry with a joke, but I found he was in earnest. He said some of the "other neighbors felt so, too." I am afraid Old Glory is waving up there at this minute and the sun has been down three hours or more, although I am afraid I promised to see that it would be taken down for his sake, on the ground that "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I would not eat meat."

But all day long between these other very interesting exercises I have been trying to analyze a public sentiment that feels it is an indignity to let it wave among the stars, flying in the dark times as well as in the dark places of the world, while it complacently allows itself to fly over places of debauchery, corrupt officers and venial offices without protest or shudder. I, perhaps, do not know much of the etiquette of patriotism, although I had three years' discipline in the business. And if anybody in this neighborhood feels that Lincoln Centre has insulted the flag by letting it stay up there, I am sorry for it. I will try to remember to take it down if it makes this community feel any more patriotic or any more loyal to its principles.

Now I can imagine that someone at earlier times in the experience of the settlement work might object to our sisters here because they do not pull down the flag when they go into the dark and dirty places, because they try to fly the flag outside the conventional limits and lines of patriotism and piety.

I do not know exactly what a "Settlement" is. And I am glad I do not. It is the small and petty and secondary things that lend themselves to prompt definitions. The great big things defy the dictionary and elude our logic and our etymologies.

That is the difficulty encountered by these sisters—tonight they have been trying to define the indefinable.

That is the matter with the preachers and the churches —they are trying to outline the limitless, to state in terms and phrases what the thinker can at best but vaguely apprehend and never comprehend.

As we sing "America" in the spirit we will salute the flag that floats over Lincoln Centre and among the stars. Really if it were not that the wind beat it out, and it is too expensive, my own patriotic impulse is to keep it ever up there from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, particularly inasmuch as the flag that floats up yonder tonight is rimmed with white, the white-bordered banner of the United States, confessing its kinship with the flags of the world, symbolizing by its border its hunger for that pacific understanding between nations which will forever retire the bayonet and silence the cannon and send the devil enginery of warships to Davy Jones' locker forever and for aye.

This closes the last of the series of evening meetings. Tomorrow night we ask as many of you as can to come and break bread with us on the fourth floor; and on Sunday morning our friend and brother, William Gannett, of Rochester, will say the closing word in this series of meetings.

I never before have been so silenced myself, but on the part of All Souls Church I tender to these friends and the others who have helped us on this platform the gratitude we may not phrase, the joy and hope we cannot speak.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Since those we love and those we hate,
With all things mean and all things great,
Pass in a desperate disarray
Over the hills and far away,

It must be clear, that late or soon,
Out of the ken of the watching moon,
We shall abscond with Yesterday
Over the hills and far away.

What does it matter? As I deem
We shall but follow as brave a dream
As ever smiles a wanton May
Over the hills and far away,

We shall remember, and, in pride,
Fare forth fulfilled and satisfied,
Into the land of Ever-and-Aye,
Over the hills and far away. —*W. E. Henley.*

When Great Winds Come

When the great gray winds come,
I can forget
How narrow is my room,
How bleak, sometimes, the city's loveless mask
And how my spirit, building elysiums yet
Under some sky where the long road shall end,
Dulls slowly to its task.
With the great wind I dream myself away
On the rough hills of the north,
Where the young fern comes forth
Greenly and line by line,
Where white storms sweep and shine
Quickly along the wood—
And there is joy to spend.
What more were there to ask
If I might stay
With the sun and cloud,
Unchidden and all day long,
On the open hills where often the great wind passes,
Itself my friend, and no bed but the grasses,
And for my guest the May thrush and his song?
—Mildred I. McNeal, in Lippincott's.

"Once again the pine-tree sung:
'Speak not thy speech my boughs among:
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are perfect centuries.'" —*Emerson.*

From Castle to Cottage

It was a cool, bright, sunny morning early in September when our small party of four found its way to the train that would take it to the old French town of Fontainebleau, thirty-seven miles distant from Paris. The short ride took us through farming country, which is another name for garden, so beautifully is every inch of available land under cultivation. To me the French landscape is very beautiful. Rolling prairie, we would name it in our country. Little groves of trees are scattered among the hills and ravines, amounting almost to a forest sometimes, and a richness of verdure everywhere save where a harvested grain field gives a touch of brown or red coloring. The buildings, seldom isolated, but standing in groups, with their colorings of yellow, soft grays and reds, give picture suggestions in their settings of varied greens and grays. However small or poor may be the home spot, there goes with it always a little garden, and you will see a flower tucked in wherever a flower will grow. A little more than an hour put us down at the quaint old town of Fontainebleau, once the home and scene of the revelries and tragedies of royalty. The streets are wider than those of most French towns, and between the high walls that line these streets we walked the mile and a half to the old chateau. Behind these walls are hidden the gardens and home places of the people, save where occasionally a wicker gate furnishes a glimpse to the passer-by. Passing through the high iron gateway, we walked across the wide courtyard, over a rough stone pavement, to the broad, imposing staircase that leads up to the entrance of the chateau. Here a guide took charge of our party, telling us the names and uses of the various apartments as we passed along. This palace was the favorite residence of Napoleon I and was the scene of the most important historical events of his life. Here he signed his abdication, and here he parted from his old guard on the 20th of April, 1814, and here the following year, on his return from Elba, he reviewed the same troops before marching into Paris. Here, too, in apartments next to his own, he imprisoned the pope two years before he would pronounce the sentence of divorce against Josephine. This, like all the palaces and chateaux in France now, is kept as a show place, and many and varying are the estimates in which it is all held among the people. Regret for the passing of old conditions is revealed in such remarks as "*I love royalty,*" "Its absence is marked by the less agreeable manners of the people," while the majority see in present conditions a sure advance toward a higher social plane. The trappings and furnishings of this chateau remain almost intact as they were in the days when the old court life of France was at its height, with its splendor, extravagance and debauchery. About the first thing that strikes one on entering is a wearying array of excessive, *aggressive* ornamentation. It insists on being seen. Walls covered with gorgeous tapestries, gold scrollwork on every available spot, only in the library settling into the comparative mildness of carved wood in its natural color. The most pleasing thing of the whole scene was the presence of beautiful clocks in many of the apartments, and all these clocks were ticking away, telling us in their own way the stories of the olden time. It has been well said that the dress indicates the character of the wearer, and so it seemed to me that all this reflected the conditions of court life as it existed at that time. True, every bit of tapestry on wall or chair, and every attempt at decoration, was beautiful and artistic in itself, but the overcrowded and overdone feeling spoiled the effect as a whole.

It was restful to get to a window and look out upon the beautiful grounds. Into all this riot of extravagance went the *life blood* of the *people,* and one need not know much of French history to see in it some of the causes that led up to the French Revolution, with its terrible scenes of the prison and the guillotine. So far as I could observe in city and country the *extremes* of social conditions do not exist in France as they once did. What was once a land of magnificence and squalor is now a land of happy homes and comparatively equal opportunity for all. Notwithstanding the care given to them, the old chateaux are slowly falling into decay. Their gorgeous apartments and magnificent grounds are now the playgrounds of the French people. Every Sunday they are thronged as are our own parks at home. Everywhere I have found the French people kind, responsive, sympathetic, hospitable. Not the least among the pleasant recollections of my trip will be the pleasant people I have met.

From the chateau our party went on a long drive through the great old forest of Fontainebleau, filled with grand old moss and ivy covered beeches, and ferns, and nature's own poetry everywhere. It was a drive never to be forgotten which took us to the little French village of Barbizon, which we entered just in time to see a village wedding party. The bride and groom, who had just joined hands for "the long walk," were just starting for a drive. All eyes were for the bride, a dainty, pretty little French girl, her dark hair dressed high and crowned with a wreath of orange flowers, and her simple white gown a piece of French daintiness and perfection. I had an eye for the groom, too, for he was a fine, promising looking young man. As we, with the villagers, were watching the party, and just as they started, the bride turned her round, rosy face, all smiles and dimples, toward us and waved us a gracious good-bye as they drove away. *Then* at least the world was all rose-color to them. Their happy faces made a picture never to be forgotten. A long, very narrow street is the chief thoroughfare of Barbizon. Through this street is a tramway, over which are run steam freight cars. The street is bordered with narrow stone walks, scarcely wide enough for two, and the low cottages, built mostly of yellow stucco, come like a wall close up to the walk. These walls in many places were covered with carefully trained grapevines from which hung large clusters of the half-ripe fruit. Occasionally through little gateways and openings we had glimpses of beautiful large grounds and flower gardens, the real home places of the people. Our first thought after the wedding party was to find the home of Millet. It was one of the little yellow stucco cottages but a short walk away on this main street. A simple tablet on the wall announced the place. It was rented and occupied and tourists might not enter. The outside and a glimpse through the gate at the garden showed us the home where worked and died the great artist. Died in poverty, we are apt to say. But it has been better said, "rich Millet," who lived in a great world of his own, who by his genius raised his fellow workers into the realm of poetry, who painted music as it came from the distant church-bells across the fields to the peasant man and woman who have paused in their labor to heed the call to prayer.

We had tea under the trees of one of the pretty gardens and then went our way on another long drive through the old forest to the railway station. The evening shadows were lengthening across the road, and glimpses through the forest over fields to distant hills suggested to us something of the influences around them that inspired the genius of Rousseau and Millet. We had seen in one day the homes of Napoleon and Millet the great, and we fell to thinking of their far-reaching influences. If we may "measure a man's height by the shadow he casts," may we not hope that the glory shadow of Napoleon I, a glory of war and misery, will be swallowed up in the present peace movement, while the light from Millet's pencil will increase through the centuries to come?

Florence, Dec. 14, 1907. L. M. D.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us!

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Some Congress Meetings

Last spring general meetings under the auspices of the Congress were arranged in the University centers of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, as readers of Unity will remember were reported at the time. Soon after these meetings several unsolicited testimonials as to their value and helpfulness came to the Secretary, and wishing to know definitely how all were impressed, a letter of inquiry was addressed to a few others. No answers were received that did not heartily commend the movement. We give below a few selected letters which will be of interest. C. A. O.

Permit me to express to you my great satisfaction with the success of the Congress of Religion that was organized under your direction, and that held its closing meeting last night. The intellectual range was wide and the discussions up to date. The spirit of fellowship, in its most hopeful and optimistic form, ruled all the deliberations. It seems the KEY-NOTE of the coming Kingdom of our Father was struck, and the vibrations sent thrills of hope through all hearts attuned to the will of God.

This Congress will be productive of much good. May God bless you in your WIDE field of operation. I shall gladly lend my sympathy and what little aid I may to your efforts.

Your brother in Christ, P. A. Cool.

Linden Hill Congregational Church,
Minneapolis, Minn., May 30, 1907.

I think that such conferences are profitable. There are people in every church, no matter how conservative a body, who are thoughtful and intelligent along progressive religious lines. To such people these conferences appeal and are very helpful. Of course there are people of conservative turn of mind to whom some things that are said are obnoxious. Personally, I greatly enjoyed the conference, and a number of my people expressed themselves as very much pleased by it. I should be very glad to coöperate with you for further conferences, either here or elsewhere. Sincerely yours,

Christ Presbyterian Church. George E. Hunt.
Madison, Wis., Oct. 19, 1907.

The meeting of the Congress of Religion, which was held here last winter, was wholly pleasing to me. The papers and addresses were constructive in character. It was evident that the leading spirits of the Congress had passed beyond the critical and destructive stage, and were occupied with the effort of stating the eternal truths of religion from the standpoint of the modern view of the world and then of giving those truths free course and power in the life of today. There is no effort more important than that. Sincerely yours,

Henry Tatlock.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church,
Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 11, 1907.

I intended to have written you long before this my impression of the Congress of Religion held here last spring. It left a good taste in my soul and lodged a pleasant memory in my mind. Though numerous varieties of religious belief were represented there was less conflict of opinion in debate than I have seen manifested in assemblies representing only one denomination of the church. The themes selected for discussion were not such as to accentuate difference of creed

and doctrine. Still the Congress was not colorless. It was made up of men and women who had positive convictions and the courage of them. The aim was to penetrate beneath the surface of our differences, find the deeper harmonies of the religious life and bring the religious spirit to bear upon the insistent problems of our time. We were given a vision of the way in which science, sociology, literature, theology and Christology may work together in a constructive way for the realization of the Kingdom of God on the earth.

The papers and addresses were uniformly of high order. And no doubt the two classes of church organizations known as orthodox and liberal got to know each other better for this mutual betterment without the sacrifice of any vital principles of righteousness. * * * Fraternally yours,

C. M. HEARD.

Methodist Church,
Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 27, 1907.

It has seemed to me that such meetings as I have attended have been truly constructive and spiritual. I am not interested in what is merely destructive, or chiefly so. Of course at such general meetings some will have their fling, but that counts for little in making a summary. I have felt that the Congress was more affirmative and "religious" than once—and was meeting the needs of others than the ultra-liberals. I have been a fighter, and can fight still, but the chief thought with me is what can we do together to increase the spirit of reverence for things good and beautiful, and of helpfulness for such as we can uplift—"a brotherhood of light bearers" is the ideal. Yours sincerely, LEE S. MCCOLLESTER.

The Church of Our Father,
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 20, 1907.

I take great pleasure in saying to you that I regarded the program for the Congress of Religion, held in Minneapolis (May, 1907), as one of distinct and positive value. The men seemed anxious to discover and proclaim those ultimate veracities which live in the soul of religion. Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL G. SMITH.

People's Church,
St. Paul, Minn., October 17, 1907.

Your note about the Congress of Religion came to hand a day or two ago. I have personally attended only one of the meetings, but that seemed to me vital and positive—an earnest effort along many lines toward the edification of faith. I am, yours sincerely, GAINS GLENN ATKINS.

First Congregational Church,
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 11, 1907.

Replying to your esteemed favor of the 4th, I beg to say, that so far as I have attended the meetings of the Congress or have followed reports of them, I am convinced that they have tended not to the destruction of any faith, but to the strengthening of all faiths. It is a mistake to believe that liberalism in religion means a breaking down of existing institutions. True, it carries with it a necessary abrogation of forms, but for all that it emphasizes things which liberalists and conservatives alike regard as fundamental. I believe the good work should go on and for one you may count always upon my hearty coöperation in your efforts. Cordially yours,

LEO M. FRANKLIN.

Temple Beth El,
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 6, 1907.

As to my opinion—I believe in the Congress, and am sure that the consideration of such topics as it furnishes, from different standpoints, must broaden us all. Our agreements are today more important than our differences. Fraternally,

MARION D. SHUTTER.

Church of the Redeemer,
Minneapolis, Minn., June 8, 1907.

I enjoyed the Congress very much. I always like the whet we receive against each other's views. I wish you the greatest success. Any service I may be able to render your work I shall gladly contribute. Yours, M. S. RICE.

First M. E. Church,
Duluth, Minn., June 3, 1907.

I will say in regard to the Congress movement that I think it an admirable one. I was much pleased with the work done here in Minneapolis. The papers were, for most part, admirable, strong and to the point. The whole spirit of the Congress was brotherly and I think very helpful in bringing the brethren together for future coöperation in all great moral and religious movements. The more work we have of that kind the better for the Kingdom. Sincerely yours,

S. M. DICK, D. D.

Methodist Church,
Minneapolis, Minn., June 10, 1907.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

West Side Institutional Church.

Announcement was made last week by Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, that a regular line of institutional work would be inaugurated by this church and the building kept open seven days in the week. In addition to musical, literary and other social clubs, a school of domestic science, a free legal bureau, a course of public health lectures, a law and order league, a fresh air crusade and other lines of philanthropic interest will be adopted. Such movements as this, the one instituted by Bishop Fallows and others of similar nature seem to justify the confident assertion of a prominent minister last Sunday that the work of the church and the scope of the ministry is being rapidly broadened. Possibly the future of the church will be won, not by decreasing its expenses and activities, but by greatly increasing the number of its ministers and the scope of its work.

Mayor Busse and Beautiful Chicago.

The mayor of Chicago sent to the council last week a formal message in opposition to the plans of the Commercial Club and South Park Commission for a Lake Shore park and driveway connecting Grant and Jackson Parks, asserting that the lake front was needed for harbor purposes and commercial interests. The message was accompanied by a resolution that was unanimously adopted, appropriating $5,000 to defray the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the mayor to make a comprehensive study and report with recommendations concerning this matter. With the message went a letter to be sent to the Secretary of War asking that his department withhold its consent to any action by the South Park Commissioners under the bill passed by the legislature last winter. Aside from the positive assertion that the commercial interests of Chicago would not suffer in the least from the proposed improvement, it is being indignantly replied to the mayor that some interests of health, culture, refinement and a higher life are quite as important as the financial interests of Chicago. In a day when the great city is recognized as the danger point in the nation's life such standards of citizenship are little short of criminal.

Employer's Liability Law Unconstitutional.

Last week Judge White of the United States Supreme Court announced the decision that the "employer's liability law," passed by the last Congress, was, in the judgment of the court, not in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. The vote of the supreme bench stood five to four against the bill, showing considerable difference of opinion as to the constitutionality of the law. The chief point of criticism was that the bill necessarily regulates business affairs entirely outside the boundaries of interstate commerce.

Sale of the London Times.

For more than a century the "Thunderer" of London has remained in the Walter family, by which it was first established, but last week it passed into the control of a journalistic magnate, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, owner of the London *Standard*, *Express* and *St. James Gazette*. Mr. Pearson announces, "The editorial character of the paper will be unchanged, and it will be conducted as in the past on lines independent of party politics." Mr. Arthur Walter, the former chief proprietor, will remain as chairman of a stock company, of which Mr. Pearson will be managing director. The London *Times* has been one of the most powerful newspaper organs in the world, and is even credited with having made war and established peace. Always it has been influential and sometimes exceedingly potent in the cause of humanity and righteousness.

Failure of Diamond Firms.

One peculiar result of the recent financial crisis was made manifest last week by the appointment of trustees to take charge of the affairs of four of the largest diamond dealers in New York City. A poor holiday trade is given as the chief cause of this financial trouble, and it is asserted that others in the jewelry trade have suffered likewise.

Protest Against High Rental.

On one day last week more than five hundred warrants were issued in the New York Municipal Court for the eviction of tenants participating in the recent strike for lower rent and refusing to pay any rent money until the rates were reduced. Although the papers

authorize the immediate eviction of the tenants, the latter are maintaining a stout front and announce that a number of landlords have agreed to reduce rents. Something of an echo of the strike was heard in Chicago, though no serious difficulty has yet developed—or perhaps, more accurately, no serious attempt has yet been made to secure justice.

Municipal Voters' League Reports.

For the thirteenth successive time the Municipal Voters' League has issued its annual report, and it proves to be a most vigorous and sweeping condemnation of the present council. Twenty-three of the present aldermen are declared incompetent or unfit to discharge the trust imposed in them, and their defeat is asked for at the hands of the voters. Particular attention is paid to the committee on gas, oil and electric light, which fathered the telephone ordinance, and they are severely condemned, as every one at all conversant with the facts fully realizes they should be. The Municipal Voters' League is doing a great service to the city and to its future citizenship. It is to be hoped its recommendations will be followed.

King Grippe Reigns in Chicago.

Some justification for the assertion that 650,000 people are down with the grippe in Chicago is found in the attested fact that one day last week Assistant Superintendent Roberts was unable to supply instructors for thirty-six different rooms in the city schools. The death rate in Chicago has been very high in recent days where conditions accelerated the development of the common malady.

The Presidential Outlook.

If newspaper reports may be relied on there seems good reason for accepting the accuracy of the opinion credited to President Roosevelt that Secretary Taft will be nominated on the first ballot at the Republican national convention. Little is heard of any other candidate; probably greater faith has been attached to the aspirations of the friends of Governor Hughes, of New York, than of any other proposed candidate, but the governor himself has apparently taken no part in the matter and has nothing to say. There seems little ground for expecting that he will even carry his own state (at the convention). Meanwhile the Jackson day banquet in Chicago last week was addressed by various leaders in the Democratic camp, and there seemed to be no question in any one's mind that William Jennings Bryan would be again nominated. It must be admitted that his chances for being elected seem hardly as good as they were the day he returned from his world pilgrimage, nor is any one but Mr. Bryan himself responsible for this condition. Even some who believe in him fully doubt whether his present popularity and much more than a presidential income is not more to his liking than a brief career in the White House and subsequent extinction would be.

A Wireless Telephone.

At least one good result has been attained by the fleet of battleships under command of Admiral Evans, viz.: the development of the wireless telephone by which the admiral holds communication with the various officers of his fleet. In pleasant weather the air waves are used in substantially the same manner as the wireless telegraph operates, but in time of storm a submarine method of signaling is used by which also a wireless telephone communication is always possible. Still are the wonders of modern science increasing.

Excitement in Berlin.

Something of a riot occurred in the German capital last week in consequence of the rejection by the chancellor and the Reichstag of the demand for manhood suffrage and a secret ballot instead of the existing property qualifications throughout Prussia. Prompt action on the part of the police prevented serious catastrophy, though many men were arrested, and the manager of the Social Democratic party asserts, "There will be no quiet in Prussia until universal, equal, secret and direct suffrage has been won. . . . Thirty out of the thirty-seven million people in Prussia are without property and without rights. Social democracy will organize the thirty million and make their demand irresistible."

C. A. O.

Only a Little Leaf

It was only a little leaf;
  But on it did shine the sun.
The wind did caress, the birds did sing
  And it lived till its work was done.
It was only a little leaf;
  But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life; and at last
  Earth clasped it to her heart.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Take long walks in stormy weather, or through deep snows in the fields and woods, if you would keep your spirits up. Deal with brute nature. Be cold and hungry and weary.

MON.—There is no winter necessarily in the sky, though snow covers the earth. The sky is always ready to answer our moods. We can see summer there or winter.

TUES.—I doubt whether one can give or receive any very pertinent advice.

WED.—You may know what a thing costs or is worth to you; you can never know what it costs or is worth to me.

THURS.—Both for bodily and mental health court the present.

FRI.—As echo makes me enunciate distinctly, so the sympathy of a friend gives plainness and point to my speech. This is the advantage of letter writing.

SAT.—I am aware that I recover some sanity, which I had lost, almost the instant that I came abroad.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

Her Sampler

To think Great-Grandmother could be
  A little girl of eight,
In pinafore of dimity,
  Or sunbonnet, sedate.
This Sampler, faded now and worn,
  Her childish fingers made;
Each stitch, of patient labor born,
  With careful touch was laid.

"Wrought in the eighth year of her age
  By Polly Simms," I read.
Ah, what a sober, little sage
  Our ancestor, indeed!
"In 1700—March—5th day—"
  These words she does indite:—
"Children, your parents should obey,
  'Tis seemly in God's sight!"

The Alphabet runs, row on row,
  In letters large and small;
The numbers—"1-2-3"—below,
  "Etc.," ending all.
And then, the border-stitch around,
  So neat and so precise,
In faded crewels, on a ground
  Of cunning, quaint device.

Sometimes, I seem to see her there,
  With little, busy hands;
Her pretty, smoothly-parted hair
  Plaited in silky bands.
Sitting sedately on a stool,
  Close to her mother's side,
Sewing her "stent," by given rule,
  With watchful eye to guide.

Oh, did she ever romp and play,
  And get in mischief, too;
Or did she walk in formal way,
  As she was taught to do!
This little, Puritanic maid,
  Whom I can seem to see,
Sorting her silks, of somber shade,
  Her Sampler on her knee!

—*Anna B. Patten.*

How the Judge Held His Job

I love to tell the story of a certain little Harry. It is like some others where we have gone down into the unexplored regions of a little human heart to find the good that will overcome the evil. Sometimes the child does not respond, and then they say the child is bad. There is no such thing. It is not the child that fails. We fail—that is, those responsible for the child. We did not understand. But with little Harry the response came like the sweet sound of a bell all atune—clear and beautiful. He was in jail. A strange place for a twelve-year-old boy with a soul and heart—an instru-

ment so wonderful that, attuned to perfect harmony, is the very image of God. He that shapes and molds clay and marble is as nothing to him who can subdue the discords of a soul and bring out its noblest impulses, its most energetic faculties, and so parents should study and know and love their little children even more than the skilled artist pours out his devotion to canvas or marble. It is this we should cultivate rather than laws for punishment and prisons for degradation.

The jailer had telephoned me one cold winter night that the boy was in a spasm of crying and had so alarmed him that he urged me to come at once. I grabbed my coat and hat and went out into the night, feeling that the pitiless beat of the sleety rain was even kinder than a criminal law that condemns little children to crime and iron cells. But this was before the jail was fought and won. This was before love and firmness had supplanted hatred and degradation.

Behind iron bars that would shame the king tiger of the jungle I found the boy. He was sleeping, and you would have thought not a care had ever visited that little tousled head with its worn and tear-stained face. But he wakened, startled by the grating of iron bolts and bars, the clicking of great keys turning in their solemn, monotonous locks, as the jailer, leaving me alone with the boy, returned from the cell back into the dimly lighted corridor. The boy, frightened at these strange surroundings, looked at his new cell-mate at first cautiously—almost fearfully. Then a look of joy and gladness came to his eyes, as might come from the captive at the approach of deliverance. The boy knew me, for he had been a chronic little truant, and there may have been worse things, but they may be left unsaid, for it was the boy, and not the "things," we were trying to redeem. A boy is worth ten thousand times more than anything he steals, yet I knew a ten-year-old boy who stole a bicycle in the old days and ten times more labor and money were expended to recover the wheel than the boy.

I sat down in the cell on the iron floor and put my arm around the boy. I told him how much I thought of him, and how I despised the bad things he did. Yet what could I do if he did not help me? I might help him, but I could not carry him; I would always be his friend, but he was getting both himself and me in trouble if he "swiped things," for if I should let him out and he "swiped things" again, would not an officer say that the judge made a mistake in not sending "that kid to the State Industrial School, where he would not have a chance to swipe things?" Then they would say both the judge and the boy should be in jail. How could he expect a judge to keep his job if his boys did such things? He saw the point, and, standing upright there in the cell, the light in his eyes spoke better than his words the earnestness of his promise to "stay wid yer, Judge," as he tearfully declared he should never get me into any trouble and we would both keep out of jail.

And so I almost as tearfully accepted his proffered protection, and out of the jail we walked together into the now raging storm. And yet it was no such storm as had raged in that boy's life. A home blighted by a father who had deserted and trodden under foot every vow he took at the marriage altar. And so a father's care, the divine birthright of every child, had been denied him. The boy was not bad. His opportunity had been poor; his environment was bad. I took him home to his mother, a poor, struggling woman deserving of a better fate than to toil all day to feed and clothe her hungry children. A child with no father, and a mother however noble, who under such handicaps and difficulties tries to perform the functions of both, generally fails to perform that of either. Is it a wonder, then, that the child is not "brought up in the way it should go?" Is it the child's fault? If not, why then the jail and degradation?

The boy returned to school. He brought good reports for over two years, and with them he brought joy and gladness. We had, in a poor way, tried to supply what was lacking in his little life, but to do this well a spark had to be struck somewhere, or a heart-string had to be sounded that would respond clear and true. One day his mother came at the end of a weary, toilsome day to tell me that Harry was a changed boy. She told me how thoughtful and loving he was and that once when she had been sick he had, with the tenderness of a woman, waited on her and given up all the pleasures of the street. Finally the tears came into her eyes, and she said: "Judge, I never knew just why Harry was changed so much till one day while I was ill, and he had been so sweet and kind I asked him how it was he became good for the judge, and looking up into my face with a tear in his eye, he said: 'Well, mother, you see it's this way, if I ever gits bad, or swipes things again, the judge—the judge will lose his job—see?—and he is my friend—he is—and I am goin' to stay wid him.'"

Loyalty, responsibility, trust, confidence and love—all the ennobling instincts of the soul—were there, and these were played upon rather than hate and fear, despair and gloom. That they responded sweet and pure, clear and true, the boy and the mother knew. And God knows, and I know, and thus to know is one of the sweetest joys of life.—*Ben B. Lindsey in Fellowship.*

The House of the Trees

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of the dust and din,
  Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
  To the sunless peace,
When at midday standeth Night
  Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
  To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
  Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
  Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
  Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
  To your leafy brood.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

The Snowing of the Pines

Softer than silence, stiller than still air,
  Float down from high pine boughs the slender leaves.
  The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
  Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
  Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
  High up the crows are gathering for the night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
  Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snowflakes drop as lightly—snows on snows.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

PLAN TO CURTAIL PAROCHIAL RIGHTS IN GERMANY.—In a recent issue of *Le Protestant*, our liberal French exchange, I find the outline of a project submitted by the *Evangelische Oberkirchenrat* (Superior Evangelical Church Council) to the Prussian General Synod at its session, in December, which, if adopted, will seriously affect the relations of churches and pastors. Its aim is to concentrate in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities the right to appoint ministers to certain places—livings, the English would say—now within the gift of landed proprietors, and a still larger number now filled by vote of the church members, and to limit the rights of both patrons and members as much as possible.

Its provisions, with comment thereon, are as follows: That in case of the formation of a new parish—of these there are more than a score annually—the choice of a pastor shall remain for the first two years with the administrative body (*Kirchenbehœrde*), the parishes being obliged to accept such appointee for the full term of his ministry. As new parishes are usually made by the division of existing ones, members so transferred will be temporarily deprived of their electoral rights and forced to accept a minister whether his views are in accord with theirs or not.

2. That in case of parishes receiving financial assistance from the state or the ecclesiastical administration, the right of nomination shall rest alternately with the ecclesiastisal authorities and the patron or parish. As such assistance may be accorded any parish without consultation, here is the possibility of depriving any parish *ipso facto* of half its right.

3. Hereafter both patrons and parishes may appoint to the better positions only in accordance with a gradation by years of service, fixed by the said law: 9 years for a salary of the 5th to the 7th class; 12 years for one of the 8th or 9th class; 15 for a salary of 6,000 marks. This, unless an exception is permitted by the *Kirchenbehœrde*, will considerably limit the range of choice for those who bear the expense of the salary.

4. Any post that may become vacant by reason of disciplinary measures taken against the pastor, is to be filled by the *Kirchenbehœrde*. It is evident at once that in case of a heresy trial the effect of this provision will be to punish the church members for the errors or the opinions of their whilom pastors.

The proposed law, which burst like a thunderclap upon the general Synod, is designed, its authors say, to provide places for ex-military chaplains and agents of the inner mission to the number of some 390. But it encroaches in the most self-evident way upon the rights of third parties—patrons and parishes—while no unprejudiced person can fail to see that it tends primarily to discourage liberalism and to reinforce to the utmost the autocratic power of the ultra-conservative ecclesiastic. Naturally it has roused deep feeling in certain circles, echoes of which are to be found in the protest sent to the General Synod by the various organizations of liberal protestants (*Deutscher Protestanten Verein, Kichlich-liberaler Central-Wahlverein, in Berlin, Berliner Unionverein, Kirchlich-liberaler Virtrauens-mœnner Berlins*) against a law of which the parishes had no forewarning, and asking for the postponement of any decision until it has been submitted to the consideration of the provincial synods.

This is certainly a most legitimate request. At a time when in Germany, as in France and elsewhere, complaint is heard of the growing indifferences of the flocks, it seems strange, at least, that an attempt should be made, by a sort of coup d'état of autocratic centralization to lessen still more the influence of the faithful in what concerns the spiritual interests of their parish. M. E. H.

NEW REACTIONARY SCHEMES IN GERMANY.—The *Protestant*, UNITY'S liberal Paris exchange, is authority for the following statement of a new scheme to restrict the freedom of action and check any posisble liberal tendencies on the part of German parishes.

Toward the close of the December session of the Prussion General Synod a project was submitted by the Superior Evangelical Church Council (*Evangelische Oberkirchenrat*), which, if adopted, will profoundly modify, and in a most anti-liberal fashion, the relation of churches and pastors. Its aim is to concentrate more in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities the selection of ministers for posts, which in some cases are filled by appointment.

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